

# THE RCM MAGAZINE



VOL 9 MIDSUMMER  
No 3 TERM 1913



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL .. .. .	75
TWO PICTURES—"THE WANDERER" WANDERING	
FACING PAGE	76
DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS .. .. .	76
R.C.M. UNION AND LOAN FUND .. .. .	87
REMINISCENCES OF A MIDDLE-AGED AMATEUR—	
By C. L. G. .. .. .	89
R.C.M. UNION 'AT HOME'—By P. M. W. .. .. .	98
COLLEGE CONCERTS .. .. .	100
THE PATRON'S FUND .. .. .	101
THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN ABROAD .. .. .	101
THE R.A.M. CLUB MAGAZINE .. .. .	105
POEM BY ALBERT VIBETTI .. .. .	105
REVIEW BY H. N. H. .. .. .	105
THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS OF GREAT	
BRITAIN—By W. H. CUMMINGS .. .. .	106
THE TERM'S AWARDS .. .. .	108

# THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &  
PRESENT STUDENTS and  
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE  
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ  
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

*'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'*





## Editorial

*"As I watched I knew  
What is so good to know."*—W. E. HENLEY.

There is a well-known advertisement, conspicuous in the carriages of the underground railway, of somebody's electric lamps, in which John Bull, pointing to the lamp, remarks: 'This will help me to see things in a better light.' Most of us have moments when a better light suddenly breaks in upon our consciousness, but we do not always take the trouble to notice or to remember what it is which sheds the new ray, and by not taking the trouble we are apt to miss half of the new experience. Sometimes it is the first sight of some new place visited upon a holiday, or the first meeting with a new work of art, which gives a vivid impression of extraordinary beauty, or a disturbing, perhaps even a repulsive impression by its unfamiliarity. Mr C. L. Graves has set down for the readers of this issue of the Magazine some of these experiences which have occurred to him in connection with music, and all of us who spend our lives upon musical interests, must have a certain number of similar cases, which help to form our own biographies. Their number varies with the extent to which we have lived, not necessarily with the length of our lives. They form turning points; we find when we have passed them that our point of view is not quite what it was; they have made our outlook clearer and our judgment surer.

But these turning points are not necessarily new experiences; sometimes they come in a repetition of experiences when we have acquired a new quantity with which to contrast familiar things. Then suddenly what was quite ordinary, just the everyday thing, becomes invested with a new interest, either of beauty or of ugliness. One is no longer content to take it for granted. I recollect well one small case of this in my own boyhood. I had lived as long as I could remember in a place where the soil was red, and it never occurred to me that a ploughed field or a cliff by the sea could be any other colour. When I left it for the first time I did not much notice the difference; I did not remark that the rocks were grey and the fields were brown, but coming back in the train after about three months' absence, the country suddenly became burnished

and glowed with warm colour under a heavy and thunderous sky. That was home, and home was lovely. Ever since a red ploughed field has been a thing of magic. Much of the happiness of life depends upon discovering the magic which lurks in and around common things, and a holiday is often the readiest means of making the discovery. I hope that the holiday just ended has contributed something of this kind to the happiness of all who take up this number of the R.C.M. Magazine.

---

### Director's Address

(MAY 5, 1913)

*"Some natures are too good to be spoiled by praise, and wherever the vein of thought reaches down into the profound, there is no danger from vanity."*—EMERSON.

It becomes more and more difficult as one gets older to resist the feeling that the world must really be spinning round faster than it did when we were young. For then the days were so long that it was sometimes quite difficult to fill them up with doing things, and weeks were of portentous duration, and the distance off of longed-for things which were to happen in a year's time was so huge that it gave one a sense of despair. But as one gets older there never is time enough for the things there are to do, and the years seem to flash by without one's being able to lay hold of them.

It feels to me as if it were only a few days ago that I was making the remarks which were prescribed by the beginning of a College year in the summer term of 1912, and that another College year has arrived much too soon.

But after all, what I feel about it does not matter. For what you feel about it will not be affected by experiences similar to my own. Indeed I am impelled to observe that since the corresponding moment in last year a lot of new pupils have arrived on the scene, who therefore were not here at our coming together in May of that year; and they are at present entirely at a loss to guess what I am talking about. For their benefit I must repeat that it is a long-established custom of ours to take note of the most distinguished pupils who have completed their College time at the end of Easter term, by way of constituting a sort of roll of honour; the reason for doing it at this time of year being that so



"THE WANDERER" WANDERING







many come to the end of their scholarships then, and that a larger number of brilliant and promising young people go from us into the world than at any other time of year.

This time the number of distinguished pupils we are losing is rather staggering. It gives us qualms lest there should be more than mere difficulty in maintaining the standard of our Concerts and other performances, when the trusty ones we have learnt to count upon will be no longer available. Yet ample experience has proved that such losses are made good in the end. How else would the world keep going? But it will take some good luck and a lot of steadfast energy to do it.

In the forefront of these losses I feel called upon to put Alan Taffs, who, as a mere matter of fact, has not left yet. But I feel justified in doing so because, in the first place, I shall have no other opportunity; and in the second place, because he has ceased to be a College Scholar and has become Mendelssohn Scholar, and is allowed by the Committee of the said Scholarship to spend one more term with us before he goes off to astonish the natives of foreign countries, and possibly help to distract them from the predatory projects which some uneasy people in this country attribute to them. Mr Taffs is, as one may say, almost entirely a College product, as far as his education is concerned, since he came into the Junior Department as quite a small boy, where he was duly instructed and inspired by Miss Emily Daymond. He grew in such grace that by the time he had grown big and full-fledged and enjoyed the ministrations of some other distinguished Professors, he certainly became one of the finest pianists and the most gifted composers we have seen since the College came into existence; and moreover, he has developed into a personality of definite and strong character, earnest through and through, and strenuous of spirit. And we all feel sure he will go far in his future career.

Then I can with confidence name Mr Douglas Fox as most worthy of our farewell acknowledgments; recognizing him as an organist of quite extraordinary powers, whose splendid technique is mated with quite ample measure of musical insight, and whose gifts have extended so far beyond the average range of the pure organist, that he carried off the gold medal for pianoforte playing at the annual examination last year. I live in hopes that he will attain the position of one of the foremost organists of

this or any other country; and there is no doubt his heart is so thoroughly in his music, that even the delights of Oxford—to which seductive place he has transferred himself—will not distract him from what is manifestly his life's main object.

These two must infallibly stand out from the host of those who have passed out from the College into the wide world, as predestined to eminence, if fortune is kindly and their own characters prove worthy of their abilities. But I am not going to try to put all our dear departed ones in order of merit. It would not be comfortable to some of them, and my estimate would not meet with universal concurrence. It will be better for me to content myself with more or less of a catalogue, and leave your memories to play around the familiar names which we wish to honour. We are losing an alarming number of fine singers. There is Miss Serena Kleinschmidt, whose grand and copious voice should by rights fill the largest concert room in the universe to overflowing; and whose steadfast disposition and general solidity assures us of her constancy to the College. There is Mr Ivor Walters, whose charming voice and whose skill and subtlety in using it have already gratified so many hearers, and will win him many admirers hereafter. There is Miss Vincent, whose invincible spirit in face of serious difficulties of health, fills us with respectful admiration, as much as the efficiency and intelligence of her singing make us confident of her future. There is Miss Florence Mellors, who is gifted with vocal powers of a high order, and is likely to have plenty of opportunities to display them. There is Miss Kitty Ryan, whose dainty singing and charm of interpretation are certain to delight discriminating audiences; and Mr George Macklin, who made such successful appearances in our Operas, and showed remarkable gifts as an actor as well as a singer. We may confidently name Miss Bertha Nottingham, whose gifts and intelligence as a pianist were so often displayed at College Concerts; also Miss Florence Hanson, who made many successful appearances as a pianist at our Concerts, and was always to be observed among the violinists in the orchestra, proving herself equally efficient on one instrument as on the other. We may name also with regard and hearty appreciation Mr Albert Midgley, a brilliant organist with a splendidly copious technique, a first rate musician all round, and a most estimable personality; also Mr Frank Cullerne, a very gifted violinist, who has already got into



touch with the outside world and is likely to do well. It is not often that a player of a wind instrument gets into the 'roll of honour'; but I feel confident this time in including Mr Aubrey Brain. His feats as a horn player in College Concerts and elsewhere have been sufficient to make us regard him as the finest horn player we have ever had amongst us; one whose capacities are almost unlimited, and whose spirit is such that the more hideously and uncannily difficult a passage is, the better he likes it. He was inevitably much in demand elsewhere besides at the College, and that made College work at times difficult to attend to. But I gladly admit that he tried hard to keep level with the responsibilities of a scholar; and not to miss the opportunities of attaining such all round musicianship as will be specially appropriate to a performer of his exceptional gifts.

There are plenty more gifted and most estimable pupils leaving; but the list I have given is so long that to add to it is liable to make the honour look rather perfunctory. The value of a roll of honour is in inverse proportion to its length. If a good half of the inhabitants of the British Isles were made Peers and Peeresses, there would not be much bother about the House of Lords; and if half of those who left every year were included in our 'list of honour' the list would cease to have any significance. So though I have not included some dear departed ones in whom I am particularly interested and for whom I have great regard, it is not for lack of appreciation. I sacrifice my own feelings, as well perhaps as something of theirs, for the public good.

Some of you will possibly expect me to dwell further upon the parting with distinguished pupils. But I have dwelt on that subject so often that I think it is high time I found something less obvious to talk about. And I think it may be serviceable to consider some of the implications of our ways of constituting this roll of honour.

No doubt the practice is in itself quite open to question, as is the method of selection. Like everything else, it has a good many aspects which offer arguments for and against. On the one hand it may be said to be invidious and liable to abuse; and to make people, who were not named and thought they had a good right to be, unhappy and dissatisfied. On the other hand, one might say quite simply that when pupils go away who have been in the forefront of College life, it would be ungracious not to say a word in parting to show we appreciated them. I

think the practice grew up unconsciously and without premeditation ; because, when a lot of fine young musicians left the College it was almost inevitable to mention the fact. And it was only the Director who had the opportunity, and was cognizant of what notable representatives of different artistic activities we were parting with. It might possibly minister to the sense of confidence if someone else participated in the selection. Indeed, I feel it would be very pleasant and amusing to have our roll of honour constituted on the basis of a popular vote. I should be very glad if I could conscientiously pass on to you the nomination of those who were to grace it, and have them canonized by show of hands. But it might be rather bewildering to you, and some of you might take it as something of a joke. When we go in for collective wisdom we have to make sure that the conditions are favourable. For if we do not, we find by experience that we are liable to get the collective reverse of it. Collective wisdom is sometimes what people call slangily a 'toss up.' So few people have developed sufficient sense of responsibility to make sure what they do really think and express it independently in the face of many other people ; and very few can keep clear of personal feelings which mislead the judgement. Collective wisdom is not always subject to the laws of arithmetic. Twice three does not necessarily make six, nor twice five ten. The wisdom of twice three wise men is not invariably six times the weight of the wisdom of one of them, but often minus one or even two. You also know the saying that 'the voice of the people is the voice of God.' It wants expansion. It is generally only the voice of God a long time afterwards. When it is produced in a hurry it is too often the voice from down below. The voice of the people in countries which are in a wholesome state of growth comes right in the end, through their being persuaded by the few who keep on thinking till they have found out what is right and true. But it does take time ; and people are always observing that the verdicts of one generation are reversed by the next. Like everything else, it is a matter of experience. So though I think it would be excellent good fun to have a general vote on our honour list, it seems to me safer on the whole to continue the present system. For if I go wrong it will only be one person, and if you went wrong it would be a considerable number ; and it is better for one to go wrong than a hundred or so, however unpleasant it may be for him. And the fact that it would be unpleasant is likely to induce the sense of responsibility.



But as a matter of fact he is unlikely to make his selection without consideration of other people's opinions. For in reality it is impossible for anyone to be entirely solitary either in opinion or action. Even in the days of utterly irresponsible despotism the irresponsible despots had to have somebody or even several somebodies who had the same objects as themselves, or they would have been abolished and done away with—as indeed so many despots were when they tried to disregard other people's interests and the other people could not stand them any more. And even the wisest philosophers do not pour out their wisdom all by themselves; for they generally borrow most of it from a good many other people, and as they are always hopelessly unintelligible to average minds at first, they have to have a lot of people to explain what they mean. And as these people always explain that they meant something quite different from what they really did mean, a lot more people have to join in to explain the explanations. And so the merry comedy goes on. And the more people try to do things all by themselves the more certain it becomes that it cannot be done.

In view of these facts it may seem perplexing that I do not favour the idea of taking the community's opinion about our roll of honour. But there is a difference between unexpressed and expressed opinion. The former is spontaneous and natural, the latter needs practice. So far from thinking it undesirable that people should have a voice in the affairs of a community or an institution, I think it of great importance for them to develop the sense of responsibility, and the feeling that one's voice counts for something is a help in that direction. It is not till they realize that what they think affects other people's interests as well as their own, that people begin to think and feel widely. It is wholesome to feel that our views on matters which concern wider interests than our little personal ones, carry weight. It makes for ballast and for stability. The sense of responsibility which it engenders makes many people come to the same sane conclusions about things which are impersonal, and keep to them.

The surest mark of intelligent and sensible people is stability of opinion. And stability of opinion is only achieved in the first place by keeping at bay the personal influences which interfere with right judgment. You most of you know, even with your short experience of life, that in

some countries they are always changing their governments, and people are always quarrelling and disputing and making a miserable failure of public affairs. It is mainly because they allow all sorts of personal and irrelevant considerations to pervert their judgment on wider issues ; because their mental vision is limited, and they are incapable of judging sanely where a wider range of considerations than everyday interests of home and acquaintances is concerned. You can take a homely parallel. What would you think if in the College the scholarships and exhibitions were not awarded to the pupils who are most gifted or most efficient, but to those who could get the backing of Dukes and Marquises and millionaires, and people who are familiarly described as influential ; or if the parents of candidates for certificates of Associateship had to go round and pull wires and interview officials and cajole examiners to get their children passed ? Yet such things used to happen in this country and still happen in other countries.

People with undeveloped minds fail to see that the interests of a community include the interests of the individuals which constitute it. It is obviously to the interest of the community that if someone is to fill a position which requires special capacities the person that has those capacities shall be chosen ; that if somebody is to be educated or financed because his gifts are likely to be of service to the world, that person shall be selected who is most gifted and most fit, and not merely one in whose favour influential people exercise their persuasions. It is mere low dishonesty to try to get a person chosen on grounds which are not relevant. It is mere cheating to try to obtain through influence without ability what is meant for people of special ability. The people of ability are defrauded, the community is defrauded, and the person who defrauds is denuded of the rags of his honour. But the undeveloped mind cannot see it ; and when there is anything going, as the commercial world says, it thinks that every kind of pressure should be put on to get it. And in some quarters unscrupulous, blind intrigue is more successful from this selfish point of view than honesty. Aberrations of this kind used to go on in this country, and still go on in some unfortunate countries, with consequences which you frequently hear of—and affairs sometimes arrive at free shooting all round, revolutions, uprisings, and even the hideous scenes of promiscuous murder which are enacted under the name of war. Our comparative



freedom from such things in this country is to a great extent owing to our having realized early that justice to small as well as great cannot be provided for unless private opinions on public affairs are widely allowed to carry weight. In the first instance I think this was owing to the fact that the inhabitants of our little islands have, from quite early times, refused to be put upon ; and having forcibly resisted disregard of justice even in the smallest things, found that they had to think more widely in relation to public affairs. They found themselves unconsciously in the position of having to extend the scope of their sense of relations. That is to say, the individual learnt to consider his own apparent personal interests in relation to the interests of his family ; his family interests in relation to the interests of his class or town or locality, and the interests of his class or locality in its relation to the interests of his country at large. And the extension of his point of view conduced to stability.

But when men think of things in such wide combinations of relations they have to go slow, and they have to criticise and reconsider. The higher attitude of mind makes this inevitable. And so it is with the inhabitants of our islands. It is one of their quaintest qualities that they are always criticising themselves. And among the criticisms one of the most familiar is that we are too staid and decorous and self-repressed—that we do not have feelings, and are devoid of imagination, and are commonplace and dull. To people of fervid and impatient temper, who are always in ecstasies and constantly indulging their promiscuous and ill-regulated instincts, we must naturally be an annoying people. It is perfectly true that we do set immense store by self-control, self-containment, self-mastery, even—if you will—by caution, in accepting the grounds of action. And it is a mercy we do. Unless people have an unnatural quickness for estimating the values of facts which bear upon a question, to act in a hurry is in most cases to act wrongly. It is the English habit to weigh things and to hold back and avoid rushing into action under misleading influences. It is their habit to try to avoid being beguiled by a specious, plausible, seductive exterior, and to look into the insides of things and see what they are made of before either going into transports of enthusiasm for paste-board and tinsel, or into rabid fury with a thing which is genuine, but requires a little exercise of patience and energy to appreciate. Of course it is not to be supposed that some of us are not sometimes beguiled into

misplaced impetuosity of feeling, but the attitude of mind which deliberates certainly prevails and affects our conduct and our achievements.

A Frenchman who wrote a book on English methods of rule in India said: 'The English are just but not amiable.' He was looking at us from a different stratum of thought from ours. If it were a question of appearance of amiability as against the likelihood of being unjust through being in too much haste, we should be quite content with the Frenchman's opinion. To be patiently just is much more amiable in a finer sense than to be carried away by picturesque gusts of impulse. The Frenchman likes the appearance of doing a thing with ease, with all the graces of style, and he gets brilliant results in the way that suits him. The English are content to plod along so long as they can ultimately get where they want to be. But all habits of mind and all qualities have their defects as well as their merits. Our habit of reserve and self-containment is a drawback sometimes. It gets overdone and becomes mere lifelessness. It is too often a serious hindrance in our art. Self repression makes us wooden. It prevents our performers from getting into the heart of things, when it should by rights do just the reverse. They get into the habit of thinking too much of the letter, and what they consider the orthodox readings; or of the interpretations supposed to be sanctified by the concurrence or usage of the most celebrated musicians of the past, and they miss the spirit. They seem to be repeating lessons and never getting themselves expressed in what they do. They get bored and jaded before they have got through the difficulties of the letter into the spirit. If a man is to play from his soul, he must get what he has to play into his soul first. I recognize the inevitable suggestion that there are such a lot of things that people have to play which they do not want to let into their souls at all—and that no one of any sense would want them to. But this is a by-lane, and we must pass it by for the present. In relation to our art our English attitude of mind need only be a hindrance to second-rate and unstrenuous types of performers—the sort of people who have not the tenacity to assimilate a work of art, and want to perform it before they know what it is they have to perform. Such people risk making fools of themselves when they give themselves away; so perhaps it is as well they should confine themselves to reproducing the mere letter. But those who have really got the things into their souls can give themselves away without stint.



Some people have souls that are quickly receptive, and they make a great show in the world. But if quickness is the thing they rejoice in most, they can never stay long in one mind, but must always be looking for something new to exercise their quickness upon. They get into the habit of being inconstant. Without doubt they often show some of the qualities of genius, and give delight to people who are of like nature with themselves. But such a course is much better suited to people of other races, who habitually practise guess-work, and love the risks and uncertainties it entails. Such guess-work, with our lack of practice, too often lands us in vulgarity, pretence, blatancy, dishonesty, even in some quarters in uncleanness, which is strangely at variance with the scheme of life we have worked out for ourselves. People who have intensity enough to try to get things into their souls in their fullest significance, know that it entails risks. For when things have really got into people's souls they have a tendency to stick. So a person of any mental elevation goes warily when there is a question of making something a part of himself. But such an attitude need not in the least impair our self-dependence and independence, which are of such infinite importance in interpretation. It was the intrinsic independence of the race which originated our attitude of mind, and if we can only wait a little and sustain the freshness of our impulses till we have got complete hold of a thing, we can be just as fervent and devoted as the members of races who set so much store by what they miscall spontaneity.

The value of steadfastness of opinion of course depends upon the opinion being more or less right—or at all events right in direction. Truths are all single, however many facets they may have; and the nearer men are to them the less likely are they to be frequently changing about and at variance with one another. It is only when they are completely at sea that they are constantly advocating some new nostrum or new theory. It is the people who do not understand anything who have always got some new short cut to solve all the problems of humanity. There is no limit to the number of things that are not true, or the capacity of human kind to be gulled by the speciousness of advertisers and humbugs, and to take up with them merely because they seem to be new. But on the other hand there is a pathetic fact which has to be kept in mind—that when people set their faces sturdily against being seduced by

the wiles of false prophets, they frequently steel themselves against the true ones also. On the whole it is worth while. Every attitude of mind has its drawbacks. It is the margin of the delicate adjustment in the balance of advantages between one course and another which has to be weighed ; and the right estimate is only found when many minds of different calibres address themselves keenly to the questions that have to be solved—and the concurrence of many minds becomes more and more necessary as life gets more complex.

The conclusion of it all is that the line we have taken as a race is to weigh well and get at the true meaning of things, and not to be misled by worldly interests and conveniences—and to recognize that the true interests of the individual are included in the interests of the community. It is not to be pretended that this is the only way of doing things, but the attitude of mind implies the admission of our inherent racial weaknesses and makes some provision for accommodating them. And human nature not being either perfect or 'desperately wicked,' steadfastness of direction can probably be best secured in that way.

There seems to me to have been steadfastness of opinion in the College ; and it may be so because we have always cherished the best and healthiest in art and in life, and done our best to assimilate and interpret such things. To achieve anything worthily one must be consistent. Even people who are consistent in wrong courses get more done than people who are always flitting about from one thing to another, and always changing their direction. They do not get anywhere. The laws of nature do not change ; but then we may serviceably recall the saying that 'the mills of God grind slowly.'

True it is that we must experiment ; experiment even venturesomely, and sometimes go wrong. It is better to go wrong than to become lifeless, and merely fall in with conventions. Conventions are the formulas of tradition that is dead and become ossified. But live tradition is the surest test of rightness and the means to consistency. And that live tradition is the fruit of the thinking and working of endless varieties of minds, all striving in the same direction in their various ways, to find out things which will be serviceable to those that come after.

The live tradition of our College has been built up in such a way by those who have gone before you ; and its chances of consistency in the

future lie in our being able to feel its relation to the musical development of our time in healthy vigorous sanity, without losing sight of what has been worthily done and worthily thought in earlier days—by people whom we have included in our lists of honour, as well as by those to whom such recognition has not been accorded, but who have served the College and their art well by their devotion and keenness.

---

### **The R.C.M. Union**

*"Joy of sweet music."*—WALT WHITMAN.

*"Each had his tale to tell, and each  
Was anxious to be pleased and please."*—LONGFELLOW.

#### ANNUAL 'AT HOME.'

Once more the Midsummer term has brought with it the Annual 'At Home' (eighth of its kind), and though a fuller account is given elsewhere, the Hon. Officers and Committee of the Union feel that this column would not be complete without a reference to it.

First and foremost they wish to express that deep and affectionate regret which was felt by the whole Union at the unavoidable absence through illness of the President, Sir Hubert Parry. Never before had he been away from an "At Home," and it was the only cloud on this year's party.

Thursday evening, June 26, saw the College Concert Hall filled to overflowing with members and guests, and the exclamation uttered by a lady as the scene burst upon her, 'A success, as usual!' was, happily, a prophecy fulfilled. The evening owed its great success to several causes; to the true kindness of those distinguished members of the College Council, Board of Professors, and Official Staff, who, realising that the Union stood in special need of support on account of the President's deeply regretted absence, made a point of attending the party and gave invaluable help; to Dr Walford Davies, who wrote for the occasion some beautiful and brilliantly original vocal quartets; to Mr Thomas Dunhill, whose witty and memorable 'Funniment' kept everybody laughing; to all the distinguished artists who took part in the programme, and not only gave their services most generously on the evening itself, but also ungrudgingly gave their time beforehand for rehearsals; to Mr Visetti and Sir Hubert Parry,



who gave the lovely flowers which decorated the Concert and Examination Halls ; to the devoted work of the assistant secretarial staff of the Union, very special thanks being due to Miss Saumarez Smith ; and last, but not least, to the unremitting care, skill, and energy of the College Staff.

#### ELECTION TO COMMITTEE.

One casual vacancy occurred on the Committee at the end of July, owing to Miss Clytie Hine ceasing to be a present pupil of the College. Miss Margaret Stoddart, who has already given much valuable help in the secretarial department, has been elected to fill this vacancy.

#### R.C.M. UNION LOAN FUND.

It has been from the beginning a fundamental principle of the Loan Fund that all particulars relating to applications for, and grants of loans, should be kept absolutely private—known only to the applicants and to the small Committee which deals with these matters. This must continue to be so ; but it has been urged that those people who out of their kindness subscribed the money with which to start the Fund might very reasonably like to know how the Fund has prospered, and with this in view it has been thought well to give the following facts :—

The Loan Fund has been in operation for eighteen months, during which period all the applications received have been for objects of a thoroughly sensible character, mainly in connection with clauses A and D of the " Purposes " of the Loan Fund, as set forth in the Rules. Such loans have been made as the Committee deemed advisable, taking into consideration the special circumstances of each case, and also the amount of the money of the Fund available, a certain proportion of which is in the bank, another portion on deposit, and the remainder invested. The Hon Treasurer had great pleasure in stating at the last Committee Meeting that not only had all the instalments (by which Loans are repayable) been paid up to date, but that in some cases the applicants had been even better than their word, and had repaid by double instalments, thereby shortening the time for which the money is out on loan.

The original Loan Fund Committee was re-elected for the current year by the Union Committee, and stands as follows :—

SIR HUBERT PARRY	MISS EMILY DAYMOND
MR CHARLES MORLEY	(Hon. Sec. and Treasurer)
DR F. G. SHINN	MISS A. BEATRIX DARNELL
MR SYDNEY C. SCOTT	MISS MARION M. SCOTT

## ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

More than once members have expressed a wish that notice might be given them of the date on which subscriptions to the Union become due. The Hon. Secretaries, therefore, take this opportunity of saying that *annual* subscriptions for the coming year (Nov., 1913—Nov., 1914) will fall due on *Nov. 1st*. This applies to all members except those who have already paid their subscriptions in advance.

MARION M. SCOTT

A. BEATRIX DARNELL

Hon. Secretaries.

**Reminiscences of a Middle-aged Amateur.**

*"There's fruitage in my garden  
That I would have thee taste."*—WILLIAM CORY.

Two considerations encourage me in my resolve to inflict these reminiscences on the readers of the R.C.M. Magazine. The first is that people are generally attracted by their opposites: hence those who are engaged in the professional study and practice of the art may be interested, and perhaps amused, to read of the impressions of an amateur whose connection with music, apart from choral singing, has been confined almost exclusively to the *rôle* of the listener. The second is the desire to record, however imperfectly, the debt which, as an outsider, I owe to an institution where I number so many good friends, and where I have spent so many pleasant hours.

The first occasion on which music entered into my life was more than fifty years ago. We then lived in Dublin, and, just before the time of which I speak, there had been a great storm, and Captain Boyd, R.N., who was stationed with his ship at Kingstown, had lost his life in a gallant attempt to rescue sailors from a wreck, and was given a public funeral. From the windows of the nursery I remember seeing the hushed crowds, and hearing the bands playing funeral marches. What they played I cannot say, but there was a sense of grief and awe abroad which left an indelible impression on me, and across the gulf of years I still hear echoes of martial mourning.

My next landmark is a performance of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, given in my father's house when I was about seven years old. I was too

young to take part in it, my function being confined to getting in everybody's way at rehearsal. But my recollection of the delight that I took in the music, and my amusement in the quaintness of the words, remain undimmed by any uncertainty, and I have never outgrown my affection for this genial and delightful work. My musical contemporaries have regarded Handel very much in the same way as literary critics have regarded Dickens. A few have remained faithful throughout; most have arrived at a standpoint of critical appraisal; while some have remained fixed in the mood of the superior person, as though to admit admiration of Handel were to commit critical suicide. Happy are those who survive or escape these vagaries, and in their old age can enjoy Handel and Dickens, as well as Debussy and Max Reger.

At home I heard a good deal of music, none of it bad. Nature denied me any talent as an executant, but I struggled with the pianoforte and learned a few show pieces, including the most hackneyed of Schubert's Impromptus, Haydn's "Gipsy Rondo," and an arrangement of a movement from one of Mozart's Symphonies. But in all these cases repetition bred satiety. It was otherwise with the music made by other members of my family: Gluck's "Che farò" and the florid arias of Rossini, sung by an elder sister; the sonatas of Beethoven and arrangements of Mendelssohn's Symphonies; and, most vivid reminiscence of the days before I went to school, the waltzes of Chopin, admirably played by an amateur, Miss May Banks, afterwards Mrs Burrell, who was as beautiful to look at as she was delightful to listen to. In after days it was my good fortune to hear Chopin's music played by all the greatest pianists from Rubinstein in the seventies onwards, but none of them ever conveyed its peculiar exotic delicate magic with greater charm than the young amateur I heard in 1868. But then, she came first: if I had heard Chopin first played by Liszt, the impression might have been ten times greater. I may add that my favourite chant in those days was an audacious adaptation of the Allegro of Beethoven's 7th Symphony. I only found this out many years afterwards, but I regard it as a sign of musical grace that I could appreciate this lovely melody even in its desecrated form. The two years that I spent at a preparatory school near Maidenhead, before going to a public school, brought my musical sense no solid nutriment. The music master was a Polish Jew, whom we all



disliked for no special reason that I can recall, beyond that he was a dingy foreigner, but he was certainly an uninspiring teacher. The only musical event I can recall in those two years is the poignant singing of a very sentimental hymn by the mother of one of the boys. But it was the quality of her voice—a curious outlandish metallic tone—rather than the melody that impressed me. The five years that I spent at a public school were musically uneventful. The principal music master and organist was a delightful fellow, and a great favourite. He was fond of games, and fully recognised the difficulty of reconciling the conflicting claims of pastime and art. The average human British boy will not take music lessons when those lessons are given in play hours. More, probably, went to our friend than would have gone to an ordinary music master, because he played cricket and was popular with the cricketing element. Besides, the lessons involved a minimum of drudgery. I know that in my case we talked on other subjects most of the time, and for the rest of the hour he generally played to me. With boys who had some technical proficiency and could read, he was, however, a more stimulating teacher. The service in chapel was hearty and efficient on its musical side, and I enjoyed singing in the school choir. At the annual school concert the *clou* of the entertainment was the piano solo of the music master—which took the form of a set of musical-box variations on “Auld Lang Syne.” Towards the end of my time a glee-club competition between the houses was instituted, and I attained the dizzy eminence of conducting my house team. We did not win, though on one occasion we ran second. The glees and part songs chosen for performance, so far as I can remember, were mostly modern and mediocre. We sang Pearsall, but not his really fine things. It seems to be the curse of all competitions that they should fall between the two stools of the hackneyed and the hideous.

At Oxford I joined the Philharmonic Society, then conducted by Taylor, the organist of New College, an accomplished musician and a good pianist, but lacking in the masterful qualities which make a great conductor. Still, I owe him a debt of deep gratitude for introducing me to Mozart's *Requiem*—one of my landmarks—and the choral music of Schubert and Schumann, *Miriam* and *Paradise and the Peri*, *inter alia*. I remember also that I left the Society while they were working at Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, a cantata which I wholly failed to appreciate. At

Oxford, again, I was first introduced to classical chamber music by the joint recitals of Charles Hallé and Mme. Norman-Néruda. Even in those days I remember being particularly impressed by her playing of Spohr, of whose music she was an unsurpassed interpreter. But the most vivid musical reminiscence of my undergraduate days is associated with a visit of Rubinstein, and his playing of Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor with the funeral march. Rubinstein had the most striking physique of any musician that I ever saw. His heavy-lidded eyes betrayed his Jewish origin, but he had the nose and cheek bones of a Calmuck—altogether a most powerful, fascinating, but decidedly sinister physiognomy. He had no platform mannerisms or *minauderies*, though his reading of the funeral march was decidedly melodramatic. But it was melodrama that came off—like the novels of Maurus Jokai; and though, in his own phrase, he played enough wrong notes to make a symphony, he was often splendidly impressive in the greatest music. No one was more successful in conveying the *terribilità* of Beethoven: his opening of the *Appassionata* was tremendous in its massive force. In acute contrast to this electrifying experience, I may record my recollection of the May Day Carol, sung from Magdalen Tower at 5 a.m., which I heard twice during my sojourn at Oxford. The hymn (which is by Byrd) has an exquisite plaintive beauty, and the ethereal tone of the voices as heard down below was beyond expression. Being very old and beautiful and uncommercial, this custom, I see, is now about to be abolished.

While I was at Oxford, I attended my first Handel Festival, in 1877. My recollections of the things that impressed and delighted me the most are clear-cut and vivid: the choruses in *Israel*; the Occasional Overture; Patti, in her golden prime, in "Let the Bright Seraphim"; Santley in "O ruddier than the Cherry"; and Lloyd in "Love in her Eyes sits Playing." Sir Michael Costa was the conductor, and though his detractors compared him to a drill-sergeant, there was something masterly about his beat and Napoleonic in his control of his forces. To this period also belongs my first visit to the opera, where I was fortunate enough to hear Christine Nilsson, Trebelli and Faure in *Faust*. (I am not certain about the tenor, but I think it was Campanini). This was truly a magnificent cast, for Nilsson not only looked the part of "Gretchen" to perfection—she might have stepped straight out of a canvas by Kaulbach—but in those



days her voice had a lovely silvery quality that was vastly pleasing. Trebelli (my favourite opera singer) was an incomparable "Siebel," and Faure, besides being a finished singer, was a superb actor. I also heard Trebelli in *The Huguenots*, in which her singing of "Nobil Signor" was a liberal education in the cantabile style, and a year or two later in *Carmen*, the title-rôle of which she sang far more beautifully and with infinitely more respect for the composer's version than any of the other eminent singers who have won fame in the part. She acted it excellently, though without approaching the realism of Minnie Hauck or Zélie de Lussan, still less that of Calvé. Calvé's "Carmen," however, though a wonderful study of the gutter-siren, suffered from her constant tendency to sing sharp. Marie Roze was the most genial and amiable "Carmen" I ever saw; Bellincioni the most shrewish. In 1886 I saw Galli-Marié, who originally created the part, with a French company at Her Majesty's, but she could not compare with some of her successors. I may complete my earlier operatic reminiscences by a mention of Lucca, who showed a most engaging effrontery as "Cherubino" in a cast which included Sembrich as "Susanna" and Albani as the "Contessa." This performance was a landmark in my musical enlightenment, because it first awakened me to the seraphic beauty of Mozart. I remember that the passage which hit me hardest was that which opens "E Susanna non vien?" and precedes the aria "Dove sono," which I still think to be one of the most lovely pieces of recitative in existence.

After Oxford, I spent four years in Manchester, and for four seasons was a regular attendant at the Hallé concerts. I had come across Hallé as a performer at Oxford, and in that capacity he always excited in me more respect than enthusiasm. But as a conductor, though also limited by a certain austerity of temperament, he was on a higher plane. One of his great achievements in the 'eighties was his revival of the works of Berlioz. I did not hear his first performance of Berlioz's *Faust*; as well as I remember, it was the second, with Mary Davies, Lloyd and Henschel as soloists, but it was a memorable event, and exhibited an unexpected elasticity in Hallé's power of appreciation. To Hallé, again, I owe my first acquaintance with the *Eroica*, the *C minor*, the *Pastoral* and the *Seventh* and *Eighth Symphonies* of Beethoven, in the rendering of all of which he showed purity of taste, dignity and adequate vigour. At his

concerts I heard a great many of the greatest players and singers of the day including Joachim and Sarasate. Among the number I heard Pachmann play a Chopin concerto without notes, and come to a standstill from a sudden lapse of memory,\* and I was present on one of the fortunately very rare occasions on which the late Madame Antoinette Sterling attempted to sing with an orchestral accompaniment. But the even tenor of high efficiency at the Hallé concerts was seldom disturbed by such incidents as these, and I never can be sufficiently thankful for the opportunities which my residence in Manchester afforded me of hearing the masterpieces of classical symphonic music worthily played by a fine band under the direction of a great musician. Still, my most vivid musical experience at Manchester was not associated with the Hallé concerts. On my arrival in January, 1880, I joined the St. Cecilia Choral Society, an amateur association conducted by the admirable musician the late Edward Hecht, then Hallé's choirmaster and right-hand man, and at the first practice ran up against Brahms's *Deutsches Requiem*. That was the outstanding landmark of my four years in Manchester. It is strange to note the changed attitude of the musical world towards Brahms nowadays. Thirty years ago many superior persons affected an admiration for his music simply to prove their culture—to show that they were "in the movement." Nowadays, to profess enthusiasm for Brahms is a test of sincerity, since the profession is tantamount to admitting that you are, speaking musically, a day behind the fair. Personally, I fell a victim because I could not help it, and have never wished to break my chains. I also have a great sympathy with the violent person who once said, "All the people I wish were dead dislike Brahms. If they took to praising him, I should probably have to give him up."

Coming to live in London in 1884, I had the great good luck to make "G's" acquaintance soon after my arrival, and this led to endless acts of kindness and hospitality on his part. To "G" I owe hundreds of happy Saturday afternoons at the Crystal Palace, often winding up with a tea party of R.C.M. pupils. He it was who inoculated me with the *furor Schubertianus*, and made me a proud, if humble, member of the "Sydenham Cult," honoured by the attacks of a notorious obscurantist critic. The annual performances of the C major symphony were high festivals of the

---

\* I once heard Sir Charles Hallé recall the following dialogue with M. Pachmann. Hallé:—Ah, M. Pachmann, how I envy you your touch! Pachmann:—*Et vous avez raison!*



Schubertians, and I remember "G's" delight at the devotion of Mr Ernest von Glehn, who gave up a day's hunting to attend one of them. In 1886 I heard Liszt play at a rehearsal of his *St Elizabeth* by the Novello Choir, to which I then belonged, but it was on a hack piano with a terribly creaking pedal, so that I must say *vidi tantum*. Still, it was a landmark to have seen that amazing man, who had been embraced by Beethoven, and was worshipped like a Roman Emperor, and who more than anyone else, gained a hearing for his tremendous son-in-law. In 1887 I heard the famous Historical recitals of Rubinstein, who, by the way, said that, compared with Liszt, he and all other pianists were "mere wood-choppers." This was a remarkable experience, none the less so for the curious fact, recorded by Rubinstein himself, that during these recitals, once he went on to the platform he became like an automaton wound up to play so many pieces, but without any consciousness of how he did it. Anyhow, there was nothing mechanical about his playing. In 1887 also I heard what was in its way the most perfect operatic performance that I can remember—that of Verdi's *Otello*, with Tamagno in his thundering prime, and Maurel as "Iago," and the entire company and orchestra of the Scala. The "*Desdemona*" was a stout mediocrity, but the *ensemble* was superb, and Faccio's control of his orchestra and singers quite miraculous. Meantime, I had joined one of the worst and the most interesting choirs in London—the old Richter choir, which was periodically mobilized to assist in the performances of the Choral Symphony, Bach's *Magnificat*, Brahms's *All-Rhapsodie*, and the few other choral works which were included in Richter's repertory. I have called it the *old* Richter choir for various reasons—partly because it was got together many years ago, partly because of the venerable aspect of the cosmopolitan enthusiasts who composed it. Their voices were like Beethoven's—excruciating—but they were many of them good musicians, and made up in fervour for what they lacked in freshness. We had an excellent choir-master in Mr Frantzen, but the great attraction of the choir to me was the privilege which it conferred upon the members of attending the orchestral rehearsals and watching Richter at work with his band—a most illuminating experience. That was something like a revelation, and though in the main a serious business, the proceedings were frequently enlivened by ludicrous *obiter dicta* from Richter, of which the famous comment on a very tame reading of the *Venusberg* music is perhaps the best known: "Gentlemen, you play it as if you were teetotallers—which you are not!"

The performance of *Parsifal* at the Albert Hall, under the late Sir Joseph Barnby, ought to have been a soul-shaking experience; as a matter of fact, though some famous Wagnerian singers—Maltenn, Scaria and Gudehus—were engaged, the performance was undistinguished and disappointing. But I shall never forget hearing from one of the soloists how Scaria refreshed himself in the interval with port and water and mixed biscuits. In 1893 I went down to Cambridge for the very interesting concert, at which various famous foreign composers, who received honorary degrees, conducted their own compositions, including Boïto and Tchaikovsky. It must have been a little earlier that I heard von Bülow, the most un-German looking German imaginable, and I suppose the wittiest of all musicians. As a pianist he excelled by his marvellous lucidity, but struck me as coldly intellectual. He had the curious knack of making difficult music sound perfectly easy—the antipodes of the pianist of whom it was said, in Bülow's own vein, that "she played the easiest passages with the utmost difficulty." It must have been somewhere about the mid 'nineties that I heard Mlle. Landi sing Berlioz's *La Captive* with the Hallé orchestra, which represented the high-water mark in concert singing that I have ever heard. (Let those who have not read them turn to the delightful pages in his Memoirs in which Berlioz describes the composition of this magical song at the Villa Medici to the haunting words of Victor Hugo). A great friend of mine and a fellow-admirer of Trebelli, once wrote to me to say that he had heard her sing at a private house, and went on to say of the song, "it described a beggar and beggared description." Mlle. Landi's singing of *La Captive* justified similar extravagance of eulogy: it was literally and metaphorically captivating.

Of the new music that I heard at the Birmingham, Leeds and Three Choirs festivals, in the last decade of the last century, I think Dvorák's *Stabat Mater* thrilled me most. At Birmingham I heard several model performances of Beethoven's and Brahms's symphonies under Richter. At the opera the outstanding performances were those of the *Ring*, of the *Meistersinger*, and of *Tristan*, with Jean de Reszke as "Siegfried," "Walther" and "Tristan," and his brother as "Wotan," "Hagen," "Hans Sachs" and "King Mark." In those days the lyric stage was dominated by the two great singers I have mentioned, the *prime donne* playing second fiddle. Latterly the balance has been adjusted by the

exploits of the incomparable Ternina, and on a lower plane of dramatic achievement, of Melba and Tetrizzini and of Destinn. De Soria—the original of Glorioli in Du Maurier's *Trilby*—I heard more than once in private houses, a baritone singer of extraordinary flexibility and delicacy in sentimental music such as Massenet's, who combined allegiance to art with the successful pursuit of the wine trade—a parallel case to that of Kelly, a hundred years earlier, of whom some wag said that he was a composer of wines and an importer of music. And in the same circles I also heard Madame Conneau, who retained in the 'nineties much of the charm with which she had delighted Parisian amateurs under the Second Empire. To go back to the Opera, I found that repeated hearings of *Hänsel und Gretel* only enhanced my delight in that adorable work, though I never equalled the record of my friend, Sir Valentine Chirol, who once attended three performances of it *on the same day* at Berlin: one in the morning, and a matinée and an evening performance given by another Company at another theatre. On my post-Victorian impressions it is not necessary to dwell in detail, because they are common property with the generation addressed in these pages; it may suffice to mention Kreisler, Debussy's *Pelléas*, and Strauss's *Elektra*, with the necessary reservation that impressions may be acute without being pleasurable. But I may add two altogether delightful experiences which have fallen to my lot this year: the Morecambe Musical Festival, at which the glories of British choral singing were revealed to me in a new aspect in the wonderful performances of Mrs Bourne's Barrow singers, and the Blackpool Madrigal Society, to mention only two out of many of these splendid Northern choirs; and two afternoons on which I sat and listened to Dr Walford Davies training his Temple choir boys. I hope they fully recognize their good fortune in being entrusted to the care of a musician so richly endowed, so kindly, and yet so resolute in the maintenance of the highest standards in the choice of music, as well as in its execution.

On re-reading these random jottings, I am conscious of several omissions: of the impression made on me by the waltzes of Johann Strauss, played by an Austrian lady with the true Viennese lilt, in the year 1875, while I was staying with friends in Styria; of Sarasate's playing of Raff's *Fée d'Amour*; of Mühlfeld's clarinet in Brahms's Quintet (op 115); of



old Wotton's bassoon in the finale of the Choral Symphony ; of Malsch's oboe in the C minor. Nor must I omit to set down the College Operas, amongst which, perhaps, the *Barber of Bagdad* and *Don Giovanni* were conspicuous, or scores of orchestral concerts, enduring memorials of the consummate musicianship and the catholic taste of their conductor, Sir Charles Stanford, to whom, whether as composer or conductor, I owe the swift passage of so many delightful hours.

C. L. G.

### The R.C.M. Union 'At Home.'

*"Diverse delights they found themselves to please ;  
Some song in sweet consort ; some laught for joy ;  
Some plaid with straws ; some ydly satt at ease."*—SPENSER.

'Repetition,' says a Master, 'excites emotion, but dilutes thought.' Alas, then ! Give up all hope of undiluted thought, ye who read this poor account of the Union 'At Home,' for it will consist almost entirely of repetition from beginning to end ! Let us repeat ourselves, then, with conviction, for after all the Union 'At Home' repeats itself every year—only more so—and on the evening of June 26, 1913, there was the same friendliness, the same generosity, the same lavish expenditure of care and forethought, the same *esprit de corps*, the same happy acceptance of responsibility as to important details on the part of everyone dealing with the arrangements for the evening : from the invaluable Hon. Secretaries, and the distinguished artists who provided and performed the musical programme, to the very smallest of the small office-boys who ran errands and helped to carry out the miracle-workings of such magicians as Mr Pycock and Mrs Flowers—the same Union-spirit, in fact, that we have all learnt during these eight years to take for granted with great thankfulness.

There was, indeed, one thing lacking to our complete happiness. For the first time in the history of the Union we found ourselves holding the annual 'At Home,' the great event of the year, without our President. Sir Hubert Parry sent us a long and characteristic telegram of greeting, which was read to us by Mr Pownall (whom it was delightful to welcome back to College and to renewed health again) ; and we tried to send our love and thanks to him in return, though there is a certain inadequacy

about the telegraph-form as a vehicle of expression. We missed him sadly, and we hope he will never again be away from a Union party. And yet he himself would remind us that it is the spirit that really counts, and not physical accidents; and a big, open-hearted, friendly, cheerful, generous spirit it is!

As for the actual happenings of the evening, it is difficult to recount them all, as the whole of the Magazine is not at our disposal, and almost more difficult to leave anything out. Many of the features of a Union 'At Home' may be regarded by this time as perennials, growing, indeed, more sturdy and flowering more abundantly each year. The friendly greetings of the hosts and hostesses seem even more friendly, the guests know each other better, the whole order of the day goes more smoothly and successfully and spontaneously, the rooms and the garden are more gay and full and alive—and the refreshments are more refreshing—as time goes on and each succeeding annual 'At Home' passes into history as 'the best of all.' The music, again, was entirely delightful. Dr Walford Davies's new and very beautiful quartets, and, by way of contrast, the ridiculous jestings of Mr Dunhill's preposterous . . . but the programme must be printed, in what a really educated writer would call *extenso*, for no description could ever do justice to it.

SONGS (a) In April . . . . . *E. Austin*  
(b) The Cuckoo . . . . . *arr. by Stanford*  
(c) Looking backward *C. Hubert H. Parry*  
MISS FLORENCE TAYLOR

VIOLIN SOLOS (a) Arietta } *Handel-Hart*  
(b) Hornpipe }  
(c) Minuet . . . *Porpora-Kreissler*  
MISS MAY HARRISON

NEW FOUR-PART SONGS . . *H. Walford Davies*  
† Magdalen at St. Michael's Gate

• She is not Fair  
† Come live with me  
† Love's Tranquillity  
• Love's Tempest  
• First performance. † Second performance  
MISS FLORENCE MACNAUGHTON  
MISS NORAH DAWNAY  
MR LOUIS GODFREY MR T. IRELAND  
DR WALFORD DAVIES

ORIGINAL SONGS AT THE PIANO . .  
MR T. C. STERNDALE BENNETT

QUINTET for Wind and Piano in one movement—  
Composed by Liszt, Chopin, Schubert, Sullivan,  
Wagner, Percy Grainger, Edward German,  
Beethoven, Brahms, and Tchaikovsky, with  
additional matter for which various modern  
English and American writers, unidentified, and  
still at large, are responsible. Also a specially  
written cadenza by A\*rn\*ld Sch\*nb\*rg.  
(first and last performance).  
Clarinet (Wood B) . . . . . *Herr Wilhelm Falstaff*  
Natural Trumpet . . . . . *Herr von Quackenschmidt*  
Unnatural Horn . . . . . *Herr Bunnsitz*  
Autonobettaphone . . . . . *Herr Thopliess Grün*  
Clavier . . . . . *Herr Eworie Schlösse*

Accompanists—Mr J. HURST BANNISTER.  
MR G. O'CONNOR MORRIS.

And, lastly, three cheers for the R.C.M. Union and all that appertains thereto!

P.M.W.

## College Concerts

"Praying to God and hammering away."—SANCHE PANZA'S PROVERBS.

## Thursday, May 29th (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Hautboy and Strings, in F major (K. 370) .. .. . Mozart  
FRANCIS MURPHY (Scholar).  
JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
SYDIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar).
2. SONGS .. (a) Ballad (African Romances) Coleridge-Taylor  
(b) Winds in the Trees Goring Thomas  
(c) Scythe Song .. Hamilton Harty  
IDWEN THOMAS (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
3. PIANOFORTE SOLOS—  
(a) Nocturne, in C minor, op. 48, No. 1 Chopin  
(b) Scherzo, in F sharp major, op. 16, No. 2 Eugene D'Albert  
DOROTHEA WISEMAN
4. SONGS (a) Sehnsucht, op. 32, no. 2 .. R. Strauss  
(b) Verrath, op. 105, no. 5 Brahms  
WILLIAM H. GREEN (Scholar)

## 5. VIOLONCELLO SOLO—

- Sonata in E major .. .. . *Valentini*  
HELEN BEECHING (Scholar)
6. SONGS .. (a) Spanisches Lied } Brahms  
(b) Scheiden und Meiden }  
(c) Vergebliches Standchen }  
GLADYS BLUME (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
  7. QUARTET for Strings, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1 .. .. . Beethoven  
ELSIE DUDGING (Scholar), A.R.C.M.  
DOROTHY GURNEY (Exhibitioner)  
EUGENE GOOSSENS, A.R.C.M.  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

## Accompanists—

CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE, LILY M. MINES, A.R.C.M.  
DOROTHY GRASON, H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

## Thursday, June 5th (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in G minor, op. 10 C. Debussy  
ELSIE M. DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
DOROTHY GUINLEY (Exhibitioner)  
THOMAS PLATHFIELD  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
2. SONGS .. (a) Nicht mehr zu dir zu gehen, op. 32, No. 2 .. .. . Brahms  
(b) Where Corals lie, op. 37, No. 4 E. Elgar  
RUBY SHEPHERD
3. VIOLONCELLO SOLOS—  
(a) Le Cygne .. .. . C. Saint-Saëns  
(b) Tarantelle, in G major, op. 33 David Popper  
HAROLD MUSLIN (Scholar)

4. SONG .. Hymn to Aphrodite (Sappho) .. Granville Bantock  
ALICE GEAR (Scholar)
5. ORGAN SOLO Toccata-Prelude E. C. Baird  
on the Plainsong "Pange Lingua" (5/4 time)  
GEOFFREY LEEDS
6. SONG .. Tears, idle tears .. A. Somervell  
DORA HORNER (Scholar)
7. TRIO for Piano and Strings, in C minor, op. 101 Brahms  
ROSALIE STOKES (Exhibitioner)  
DORA GARLAND (Scholar)  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

## Accompanists—

CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE  
HARRY H. STUBBS, A.R.C.M.

## Friday, June 13th (Orchestral)

1. BALLAD for Orchestra .. A. C. Mackenzie  
"La Belle Dame sans Merci."
2. CONCERTO for Piano, Violin and Flute, in D major (Brandenburg, No. 5), with String Orchestra .. .. . Bach  
GEORGE T. BALL (Exhibitioner)  
ELSIE DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
ARTHUR HEDGES (Scholar)

3. SYMPHONY, in E minor, op. 27 S. Rachmaninov
4. RHAPSODY for Orchestra España Chabrier

## Conductor—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A.,  
Mus. Doc.

## Thursday, June 19th (Chamber)

1. QUARTET for Strings, in E flat major, op. 127 Beethoven  
ELSIE M. DUDGING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
DORA GARLAND (Scholar)  
EUGENE GOOSSENS, A.R.C.M.  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)
2. SONGS—  
(a) Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer Brahms  
(b) Der Tod und das Mädchen } Schubert  
(c) Die Forelle .. .. .  
MARJORIE LOCKY, A.R.C.M.
3. PIANO SOLO  
Sonata No. 13, in B flat major .. .. . Clementi  
NORA DELANEY (Clementi Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
4. SONG .. Young Dietrich .. G. Henschel  
RICHARD SWAN (Exhibitioner)

5. SONATA for Piano and Violin, in A major César Franck  
ROSALIE M. STOKES (Exhibitioner)  
IVY WIGMORE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.

6. SONG .. Le Nil .. Xavier Leroux  
EVA M. LAMOND  
Violin obbligato—JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner),  
A.R.C.M.

7. ORGAN SOLO .. .. . Max Reger  
Introduction and Passacaglia, in D minor  
GUY F. HARRISON (Scholar)

## Accompanists—

CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE  
H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.



*Thursday, July 10th (Chamber)*

1. SONATA for Piano and Violin, in G major  
*Nicholas C. Gatty*  
ROSALIE M. STOKES (Exhibitioner)  
ELSIE DUDDING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
2. SONGS—  
(a) Kind Fortune Smiles .. .. *Purcell*  
(b) Dawn, Gentle Flower .. *Sterndale Bennett*  
MABEL W. HANFS
3. TRIO for Flutes, in E minor, op. 86, No. 1  
*Kuhlau*  
ARTHUR HEDGES (Scholar)  
HENRY D. NISBET  
PERCIVAL R. KIRBY (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
4. SONGS . (a) Parting .. .. } *Brahms*  
          (b) To an Æolian Harp .. }  
ANNIE REES (Exhibitioner)

5. PIANO SOLO .. .. *Schumann*  
Variations on the Name "Äbegg," op. 1  
JOHN M. NICHOLAS (Scholar)
6. SONGS .. (a) Verborgenheit .. *Hugo Wolf*  
             (b) Der Waldteufel .. *Carl Böhm*  
BETTY CRAVEN
7. QUARTET for Strings, in A major op. 41, No. 3  
*Schumann*  
JESSIE STEWART (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
ELSIE M. DUDDING (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M.  
JOHN K. SNOWDEN (Scholar)

## Accompanists—

EDITH IVIMEY (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.  
H. ARNOLD SMITH, A.R.C.M.

*Tuesday, July 22nd (Orchestral)*

1. SYMPHONY, in D minor .. *Arthur Somervell*  
Thalassa
2. SONG .. Pleurez, mes yeux (*Le Cid*) .. *Massenet*  
CLYTIE HINE (Scholar), A.R.C.M.
3. CONCERTO for Piano and Orchestra, in E minor  
(First performance) *J. Alan Taffs*  
(ex-Scholar; now *Mendelssohn Scholar*)  
J. ALAN TAFFS

4. SONG .. Patria Mia (*Aida*) .. .. *Verdi*  
OLIVE STURGES (Exhibitioner)
5. (a) VALSE TRISTE .. .. *J. Sibelius*  
     (b) WALTZ : Lava-Ströme .. *Joh. Strauss*  
     (c) MARCHÉ MILITAIRE, in D major, op. 51,  
         no. 1 .. .. *Schubert*

## Conductor—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A.,  
Mus. Doc.

## The Patron's Fund

The twenty-first concert of the Patron's Fund was held at Queen's Hall on the evening of July 15. The programme was as follows:—

1. RHAPSODY, "Pan" .. *Cyril B. Rootham*
2. DRAMATIC ROMANCE, "Porphyria's Lover"  
(After ROBERT BROWNING) .. *Arthur Hinton*
3. SCENE, "Love, Time, and Death" *Ralph Letts*  
MR JAMIESON DODDS
4. VARIATIONS on a Theme in A minor .. ..  
A. von Ahn Carse
5. CONCERTO for Violoncello, in E minor, op. 78  
*Gernsheim*  
MR CEDRIC SHARPE
6. SYMPHONIC POEM, "The Visions of Hannele"  
(After GERHART HAUPTMANN) *Hubert Bath*

7. ORCHESTRAL FANTASY .. *John Greenwood*  
"God's in His heaven,  
All's right with the world!"

## THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

## Conductors—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., M.A., MUS. DOC.

## AND

THE COMPOSERS.

## The Royal Collegian Abroad

"Still alert to win new scope,  
Where the wings of life may spread,  
For a flight unhazarded."

RICHARD HARVEY.

## LONDON CONCERTS

One of the most interesting concerts of the past season was that given by Mr Thomas Beecham and his orchestra on June 13, and it was made specially so for us by the fact that it included the second performance in London of Sir C. V. Stanford's symphony in D minor. This symphony was produced at the centenary concerts of the Royal Philharmonic Society, and its gracious melody, its conciseness and freedom from all redundancy or overloading either of form or of orchestration make it one of the happiest orchestral works recently produced in this country—a work which one would like to hear often.

The Recitals given by Collegians this summer have been numerous and interesting. Space only admits of a brief notice of each. On June 11 Mr Lloyd-Powell gave an Orchestral Concert at the Queen's Hall with the London Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr Wassili Safonoff. Mr Powell played the "Emperor" Concerto, by Beethoven, and Rachmaninov's Concerto in C minor, giving a particularly dignified and musicianly interpretation of the latter work.

It was a pleasure to welcome Miss Beatrice Harrison back to London, and both at her Recital and at her Concert of Sonatas with Mr D'Albert she gave very great delight.

Mr Herbert Fryer's Concert on May 30 afforded great interest to an appreciative audience. During the afternoon he played a group of his own compositions, two of which were heard then for the first time.

Mr Howard Jones gave two Recitals with Mr Kolni-Balozky during the summer season. The programmes included Sonatas for Piano and Violoncello by Boccherini, Beethoven, and Brahms, and at the second Mr Howard Jones played Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.

Mr Cedric Sharpe is to be congratulated on the Recital he gave on June 24. He had a valuable accompanist in the person of his father, Mr Herbert Sharpe, and they played with delightful unanimity. Some new songs by Mr Herbert Sharpe were sung by Miss Evelyn Jennings. The Concert was especially interesting on account of the performance of Max Reger's Sonata for Violoncello and Piano in A minor, which had been given only once before in London.

Miss Dorothy De Vin gave ample proof of her technical powers and musicianship at her Recital on June 26. Her programme included Bach's Chaconne, and Brahms's Sonata in D minor as well as that of César Franck in A major. In the two Sonatas she was joined by Mr Lloyd-Powell and Miss Ellen Tuckfield accompanied her solos.

The programme of Miss May Fussell's Concert on April 30 contained some interesting and seldom-heard works for Pianoforte and Violoncello: among these were Bach's Sonata in G major, and Chopin's Introduction and Polonaise. Mr Herbert Fryer was the pianist.

Mr Robert Chignell gave a Recital at the Æolian Hall on June 9. Mr Chignell sang Schumann's "Liederkreis," and also introduced several new songs by former Collegians, Mr Geoffrey Toye, Mr Frank Bridge, Mr Harold Samuel, and himself. Mr Samuel accompanied throughout the Concert.

Miss Gladys Moger's Concert on June 27 consisted entirely of English songs, ranging from the Elizabethan school down to works of the present day. In the modern group were songs by two former Collegians, Dr Cyril Rootham and Mr Nicholas Gatty. The whole was an enterprising scheme admirably carried out.

The English String Quartet gave two delightful Concerts in June, at the second of which a new and beautiful sextet by Mr Frank Bridge was performed, and was very well received.

On June 2 Miss Marjorie Adam and Miss Beatrice Formby gave a Pianoforte and Violin Recital. The Concert opened with a performance of York Bowen's Suite in D minor. Miss Adam played solos by Brahms, Debussy and Ravel. Miss Formby's solos were representative of violin music from the time of Corelli down to the present day, and included a reel by Sir Charles Stanford.

Mr David Levine and Mr Philip Levine played Brahms's Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin in A major at the former's Recital on May 27. Miss Le Mans was the vocalist on this occasion.

On June 18 Miss Lucie Johnstone gave a Pupils' Concert at the Æolian Hall, at which she herself sang twice. Her second group of songs consisted of three lyrics of her own composition.

Miss Phyllis Lett and Miss Hilda Lett gave an enjoyable *Matinée Musicale* at the Ritz Hotel on June 24.

Miss Ella Pollock gave a Vocal Recital on June 20, when she was assisted by Mr Eugene Goossens. Miss Pollock's chief solo was Debussy's "Air de Lia."

Miss Polgreen, Miss Christian Keay, and Mr Felix Salmond have also given Recitals this term.

Mr Herbert Hodge has given several Organ Recitals this term in St. Nicholas Cole Abbey. The programme of the Recital on May 21 consisted of the Test Pieces of the F.R.C.O. and A.R.C.O. examinations which took place in July.

Miss Muriel Foster was among the soloists at the first performance in London of Dr George Henschel's "Requiem." Miss Foster also sang very beautifully in Elgar's "Music Makers" and Beethoven's Choral Symphony, when these works were performed by the Leeds Philharmonic Chorus on June 9.

Miss Agnes Christa sang one of Sir Hubert Parry's lyrics at the Reginald Somerville Concert on July 3.

A new song by Miss Olga Montagu, "What's my Content?" was sung by Mr Dennis Drew at his Concert in June.

Miss Isoline Harvey was the violinist at an Orchestral Concert at the Queen's Hall on June 12, on which occasion she made her début as a vocalist.

Mr Gabriel Cleather, of the Guildhall School of Music, recently gave a short lecture at Bridgewater House on the art of tympani-playing, with illustrations on six orchestral drums, showing the interest and artistic possibilities of the tympani as musical instruments. The proceeds of the lecture were devoted to a fund for the endowment of a tympani scholarship. Mrs Stansfield Prior and Mr O'Connor Morris played the Pianoforte Parts of several of the illustrations.

The Folk Song Quartet have lately introduced some new and very beautiful part-songs, by Dr Walford Davies, some of which were repeated with new ones at the R.C.M. Union 'At Home' on June 26. Two were unaccompanied carols, 'The Seven Virgins' and 'Magdalen at Michael's Gate.' The others, with pianoforte accompaniment, were characterized by a light-hearted simplicity and a truly cheering joyfulness.

The Society of Women Musicians pursues its way with unabated energy. Miss Emily Daymond is its president this year. The chief events this summer have been the Composers' Conference and a Concert of Members' Works, and at the Bach Concert, organised by Dr Terry on June 24, the instrumentalists were all members of the Society.

At the Composers' Conference papers were read by Mr Rutland Boughton and Mr W. W. Cobbett on Phantasy Form; Dr Walford Davies gave a most illuminating lecture on the whole-tone chord, after which a discussion on harmony was lead by Mr Thomas Dunhill.

#### IN THE PROVINCES

##### BANGOR

Miss Olwen Rowlands gave a successful Pupils' Concert on May 31. Mrs Hughes-Williams (another former Collegian) arranged the vocal numbers on the programme, among these being Mr Dunhill's "Sea Song."

##### ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

Miss Annie Kenwood's Concerts have now reached their seventh season, and continue to afford great interest to the musical world at St. Leonards. The following past pupils of the College were among the instrumentalists:—Miss Annie Kenwood, Mr Kinze, Mr Peatfield, Mr Ivor James, Mrs Kinze, Miss Maud Gay, Mr Harold Samuel, Mr James Friskin. Miss Ethel Duthoit was the vocalist.



## READING

Miss Maria Yelland's beautiful singing of the part of the Angel was a great feature of the Philharmonic Society's performance of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius."

Dr Read's Choir gave an enjoyable Concert during the term, at which Miss Dora Arnell sang, and Mr Warwick-Evans played Violoncello solos.

At the summer Concert of the University College Choral Society and Orchestra, Mr Vaughan Williams's "Five Mystical Songs" were performed.

## EAST GRINSTEAD

Mr Noel Hope organised a very successful Concert on April 8. The chief work performed was Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony. Mr Hope conducted the orchestra.

## PICKERING

The Orchestral Society, conducted by Mrs Kirk, gave a Concert on April 18. The programme included Hurlstone's Piano Quartet in E minor.

## STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Miss Florence Tromans, who is a present pupil at the College, gave a Pianoforte Recital on June 12, when she was assisted by several past and present Collegians. Her chief solo was Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata. A Pavan, by Mr Herbert Sharpe, was included in the programme.

## NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Miss Victoria Hopper gave a very successful Recital here on April 30.

## NOTTINGHAM

Miss Rose Feilmann gave a Pupils' Concert in April, when several singers of promise made their appearance.

Miss Phyllis Lett, Miss Maud Gay, and Mr Ivor Walters were among the soloists at the South Wales Musical Festival.

## IN THE COLONIES

## CAPE TOWN

Miss Anna Marsh has been playing here with success since her return from England. She gave a Recital in aid of the new Cathedral, at which she played chiefly modern music. At a Chamber Music Concert she played the Pianoforte part in the Dvorák Quintet, as well as several solos.

## JOHANNESBURG

Mr and Mrs Deane have organised a series of Evenings with the Great Composers, at St. Mary's Church, the first of which was devoted to the works of Handel. At the Musical Society's Concert on April 9, Mrs Deane played some exacting solos with great facility and brilliant execution.

## APPOINTMENTS.

Mr Arthur Egg has been appointed Organist of Montreal Cathedral.

Mr Eric Brown succeeds Mr Egg as Organist of Emmanuel Church, Hampstead.

Miss Kathleen Boycott is now on the staff of the Blackheath Conservatoire of Music.

## MARRIAGES

The following former Collegians have been married this summer:—Miss Stella Allen, Miss Violet Belfield, Miss Helen Boyd, and Miss Isabel Clegg. In the last week of July, Miss Florence Taylor was married to Mr Albert Garcia.

We offer to all our hearty good-wishes.

Mrs Bernard Walters (Miss Marie Chinchin) now has a little son.

## OBITUARY

Percy E. Medley, A.R.C.M., died at Grahamstown, Cape Colony, on February 27, 1913, aged 29 years. He was a student at the College from 1901-1904, and a pupil of Mr Franklin Taylor and of Sir Walter Parratt. His home was in Grahamstown, and

he returned there upon the completion of his College studies. Shortly afterwards he was appointed Organist and Choirmaster of the Commemoration Wesleyan Church, and also Visiting Music Master to the Wesleyan Girls' High School and the Kingswood College for boys, which appointments he held up to the time of his death. He had always been a delicate boy, and of late years his health became very precarious, but still he struggled on : always at his post, always maintaining high ideals, devotion to his art, and a single aim—that his work should be his best. His mother (a widow, and he her only child) told the writer of this notice that on the last Sunday he played (February 16) he was actually so weak that he had to be almost lifted into the cart in which he drove to Church, but he said, "Mother, I must go." It was the last time ; in the evening he was too ill, and after a few days in bed he passed peacefully away.

G.D.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs Samuel Hart (Miss Eleanor Davis), which took place on June 30.

### **The R.A.M. Club Magazine**

In the 39th number of this magazine Mr H. Scott-Baker begins to recount his experiences of three years in South Africa. As his point of departure is Waterloo Station, and he describes the journey from there to Grahamstown with some minuteness, one is not surprised to find the fatal words "to be continued" barring his progress on page 6. Still, if he gives in the future numbers all he promises in this one, "baboon hunting, pianoforte recitals, canoeing among the hippopotami on the Zambesi," readers ought to be willing to follow him, especially if it is told with such breeziness and easy power of description as this first paper contains. The number also includes an excellent portrait of Dr W. H. Cummings, who this year is President of the R.A.M. Club, as well as full accounts of the activities of many Royal Academicians, who seem to be as busy as Royal Collegians.

### **To a Child (Elisabeth)**

Tu sei nata in primavera  
Quando spunta la violetta,  
Ma tu stessa, O Elisabetta,  
Sei tra i fiori un vago fior.

Passan gli anni e vien la sera  
E tramonta anche la stella,  
Ma la vita è sempre bella  
Se la guida un puro amor.

29/5/13.

A. VISETTI.

### **Review**

"APPASSIONATA."—Songs of Youth and Love—by Fritz Hart.

(Thomas C. Lothian, Melbourne, 1913.)

Here are poems which to the Royal Collegian are of special interest—the interest which attaches to the work of an old friend of the College. Not for this alone, however, but for their worth these verses should find favour and many readers both in and



out of College. They are the neatly-expressed feelings of one to whom Nature communicates something very definite. The author does not lose himself in mazes of description: he has sincerity, and there is much of the health of Nature in his work. Of human nature, too, he treats. From

' Blossoming broom  
Fresh from the loom,  
And the diligent weaving of Spring '

he turns to youth and love—Nature's ' Holy Ground '—

' Let no man dare approach Love's Inner Shrine  
Except he kneel in reverence; and twine,  
In equal thoughts, his passionate desire."

There is but one effort at blank verse. We quote from it:

' Bring bricks and mortar, build a concrete wall,  
And bid Love's river flow 'tween ordered banks  
Of unimaginative ugliness!  
Get parliaments to sit and frame vain laws  
That seek to regulate the living tide,  
From crystal source to final ocean-goal;  
And then, complacent fools, o'er well-filled paunch  
Clasp hands incapable; and snugly deem  
You've done God's work for Him! '

The volume contains several songs. Their call for musical settings may not be very widely heard. The other verse is generally better. ' Pan ' has crept in: he is everywhere in these days. Here he is less conventional than usual; there is some novelty in his being at once a god and a devil!

If we must be critical here, it could be wished that Mr Hart made less frequent use of such contracted and conversational terms as 'I'll,' and 'you'd.' And why divorce the sestet of a Sonnet from its octave by printing it on another page? The sonnet is generally indivisible.

H. N. H.

## **The Royal Society of Musicians of Great Britain**

The year 1738 deserves to be remembered on account of a new development in connection with the profession of music in London.

The Haymarket then, as at present, possessed two theatres; it also boasted of a fashionable Coffee House, established only two years before, named "The Prince of Orange," in commemoration of the marriage of William Prince of Orange with the Princess Mary of England. The new coffee house was the favourite resort of actors and musicians, and of numerous folk who delighted to rub elbows with those engaged in theatrical pursuits. One morning it happened that Festing (the accomplished violinist), Weidemann (the King's flautist), Vincent (the oboist) and Dr Maurice Green (organist of St. Paul's Cathedral) met in a room on the ground floor looking on the street. Gazing out of the window they were much attracted by the appearance of two delicate and refined looking lads, who were tending milch asses. Curiosity induced them to enquire as to the lads' identity and circumstances, when it was discovered that they were the orphan children of a deceased brother musician named Kytch. He, an eminent oboe player, had come over from Germany and settled in London, where his talents soon obtained general recognition; lucrative engagements



poured in upon him, but he had not sufficient strength of character to resist the fashionable and prevalent vice of hard drinking, with the result that one morning he was found lying dead on the pavement in St James's market, probably overtaken by an alcoholic fit of apoplexy. Out of evil frequently comes good, and the above-named professors took immediate steps to relieve the necessities of the orphan children. With the assistance of Handel and other notable musicians, they determined to establish a fund which should for ever be available to alleviate in some measure the distress caused by sickness, accident and infirmity, in the ranks of those who devoted their lives and talents to the profession of music.

On the 19th April, 1738, the new society was formally inaugurated, and on the August 28, 1739, upwards of two hundred professional musicians signed the Trust Deed. The list of signatories includes the names of the most eminent men of the day, amongst them Arne, Boyce, Beard, Courteville, Carey, Chilcot, Dubourg, Hayes, Howard, Leveridge, Pepusch, Reading and Travers. The admission books of the Society prove that year after year the leading musicians of the time became members and supporters of the charitable institution. We find the signature of Cervetto (the first public performer on the violoncello in this country), who amassed a fortune of £20,000, and died in his hundred and third year whilst inhaling a pinch of snuff in Fribourg's tobacco shop in the Haymarket, a house and business still existing. Other names are Veracini (the great violinist), Burney (the historian), Tenducci, Storace, John Christian Bach, Nazzinghi, Cramer, Shield, Salomon, Callcott, Attwood, Horsley, Bishop, Novello, Potter, Goss, Turle, Macfarren, Sterndale Bennett, Costa and Prout. All these have passed into the beyond, but their good work survives; surely we ought to be proud to do something to perpetuate and hand on to succeeding generations the result of their efforts with increased efficiency.

Handel worked continuously for the Society by giving concerts, and finally bequeathed one thousand pounds to its funds. His example was followed by many, and, at the present time, £5,000 are annually expended in relieving the necessities of musicians, young and old, who have fallen by the way, and in maintaining bereaved widows and orphans.

The profession of music, regarded as a money-making occupation, is a very uncertain one; it is the lot of very few to accumulate a fortune like the violoncello player, Cervetto; as a rule, musicians live from hand to mouth, and when misfortune's storms overtake them, they find it very difficult to face the situation.

Young students who intend to make music their life work, should, at the age of twenty-one, regard it as a matter of duty to become members of THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS. If their careers should prove prosperous and successful, they will thank God that by their small annual subscriptions they are affording some assistance to their less fortunate brethren and sisters; on the other hand, should they ever need it, they will be able to rely upon sympathetic and ready help from the ancient and honourable society of which they are members.

Having been a member of the Royal Society of Musicians for nearly half a century, and Honorary Treasurer for thirty-seven years, I am intimately acquainted with the details of its beneficent operations. The Society makes it a point never to publish the names of those it assists, but it is remarkable how many eminent musicians have participated in the benefits of the fund established in the Haymarket one hundred and seventy-five years ago.

WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS

## The Term's Awards

*"As well content no prize to take  
As use of taken prize to make."*—ISAAC WALTON.

The following awards were made at the close of the Midsummer term :—  
COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS—(£50) :—

Alice E. Norman	.. .. }	(Piano)	.. ..	£9	0	0
Mildred M. Marriott (A.R.C.M.)	.. .. }	..	.. ..	£5	0	0
Ethel F. Toms	.. .. }	..	.. ..	£7	10	0
Marguerite F. Gard	.. .. }	(Singing)	.. ..	£9	0	0
John H. Luxton	.. .. }	..	.. ..	£5	0	0
Jessie C. Stewart (A.R.C.M.)	.. .. }	(Violin)	.. ..	£7	10	0
Topsy E. Domela	.. .. }	(Harp)	.. ..	£7	0	0

THE LONDON MUSICAL SOCIETY'S PRIZE (value £3 3s.) for Singing :—  
Thomas G. Walters (Scholar).

MESSRS. W. E. HILL & SONS' PRIZE OF A VIOLIN, BOW AND CASE :—  
Elsie M. Dudding (A.R.C.M.).

THE DIRECTOR'S HISTORY ESSAY PRIZE (for Easter Term, 1913) :—  
Herbert N. Howells (Scholar).

THE WHITCOMBE-PORTSMOUTH SCHOLARSHIP :—  
Mabel E. R. Summers (Piano).

COMMENDED :—  
Blanche K. Church (Singing).  
L. Mary Slade (Piano).

THE SAVAGE CLUB EXHIBITION has been renewed to July, 1914, to :—  
Edith F. Ivimey (A.R.C.M.).